

Thoughts Three Ways

by Sherry

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Summary: A little fic about the Dream Team who have just left Hogwarts. They need some serious relationship readjustments. So go on... click right there... and after you've read, type in a few little words...

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A/N: I should be working on Alohomora - sorry!!! I will continue, I promise - but right now I'm on a short-story spree! I had no idea where this was going until the end - I didn't even know what to call it. I know it's stupid... it's fluffy... it's mad... I know. Je comprends. But just bear with me. All the H/H shippers, you can pretend the narrator is Harry... that is, when it's Ron. In the third book it seems that Ron has a thing for Hermione. I love R/H! Please review... thanks for all the lovely reviews for my other stories, people.

Hermione has this need to sing along to every song that comes on the radio... she's singing right now. Celestina Warbeck. Not a good song for her, but I love the way she sings. The way she gazes out, lost in a world of her own. I love everything about her.

I guess I should be more sensible. She has every reason to go for a guy like Harry... a hero, dark-haired, smart, funny, everything I know I'm not. But I can't help looking at her all the time and wishing that once, just once she would give me a thought. She treats me like a friend and a friend only. I'm beginning to seriously distrust myself about this kind of thing, though.

I notice a lot about her. I have known her for seven years, though,

and she still doesn't give me a thought. I think every part of her is great... although she yells at me a lot, I enjoy it. I just look at her eyes with their angry glint and even her hands, gesticulating wildly. She has great fingers. Long, thin and strong. They're moving in time to the music. Great hands, she has. And long brown hair. I love her hair. She doesn't love mine, I'll bet - who could love hair that gives you away across a crowd? I've always dreamed I could tell her about these little things, but I can't. I even love the way she drinks her cocoa at breakfast. If I ever told her that, she would totally kill me.

She's singing 'If Only' now. I begin to sing too, because this is a great song; it reminds me of her. I always need her and she's always going!

Harry turns to me. Is she OK at the back? Sure. He seems to know that I check her out in the rearview mirror because it's always conveniently at an angle where I can see Hermione perfectly. Good old Harry. He's never actually told me he knows, but I know he does. He and Hermione never really went out, either. I'll have to thank him for that.

Does she know that I'm watching every move she makes? No, Hermione is completely oblivious to that fact. She's busy singing and reading up on her Charms. I watch her through the mirror - her eyes moving over the pages, those perfect hands of hers. Hermione Hermione Hermione. That's the only thing that ever crosses my mind nowadays.

Her eyes steal up towards mine, and she smiles.

I just know Ron is watching Hermione again. And she just can't keep her eyes off him, can she? My two very best friends, totally in love with each other. And where does that leave me? I feel left out sometimes, but mostly it's really funny to have them mooning over each other and not knowing about it.

I know a lot of things about them that they don't know themselves. I know, for instance, that Hermione loves Ron. She just doesn't know it herself. And Ron is crazy about Hermione, but he knows it. That's the only time I've ever seen Hermione outsmarted. The thing about this couple is that they can flirt anywhere, anytime! Without even realising it! There - she's glancing at him. The Hermione glance. Yeah, gets him every time. I once had a crush on her, but I knew all the time who she really liked, so I let it alone.

Now he's looking at her hands. He has this thing about her hands... he's always staring at her hands. What is it about her hands that gets him every time? He says she's wonderful. She blushes every time I tease her about him. I know that it isn't a passing fancy, but I wonder when they're going to make a move??? I'm waiting, guys!

They need to have a long talk. A long, long talk.

Hmmm... Charms. One of my favourite subjects. Professor Flitwick lent me these notes... I'd better take care of them. Make sure Ron doesn't totally destroy them.

Hey - I know he's looking at me. Why, didn't I wash my hands this morning? Ron! What?! I look at him. His ears turn red. I grin a little. He's really rather cute when he's embarrassed. He makes me so

mad sometimes! But it's worth anything, I feel, having a friend like him. And a friend like Harry. He's always been there for me. A kind of strong, steady rock to hold me in when I get too wild. But with Ron, it's... kind of different. He's just as impulsive as I am. Harry is, too, but he's grown steadier over the years, more mature and controlled. I feel like a bubble that can be blown anywhere so easily... and broken by the slightest puff of wind towards a wall - and to think I used to be the serious one. Ron is like a companion bubble, and Harry protects us. He's had to grow up a bit because of the Voldemort threat... now that that's behind us, we're free, and holidays rule. No more school - we've done with that.

All the Weasleys are great, even Perfect Prefect Percy. Actually he's really responsible and rather kind. These past few weeks with them has been a dream come true. Ron is different when he's around them. More funny, more cute, more Weasleyish. That word always makes me giggle. He's always so funny to me! Different from Harry. I love both of them so much, but he and Ron are so different. Ron is so tactless... so crazy... so completely out of his mind!!!

He's smiling. Didn't I wash my hands? I won't look.

There are pancakes in front of me. In front of us. But my best friends aren't eating. No, they're too enamoured with each other. Ron's staring at Hermione's hands. She's drinking coffee. Maybe she finally realises that she's in love with him? Why do I have to know and not her? I just know it's true, she really does love him. She doesn't even know it!!

Most of the time I can tell what he's thinking. Now he's wishing he could just reach out and touch her hair. He's crazy about her. Every single little thing about her. And she's oblivious! I am so frustrated I could burst. Come ON Ron. I'll try telepathy.

Hey, Ron, if you want to go for it, go for it. Go on, pal. Just grab those hands you love so much!!! You know her, she knows you. Go on. I don't care what you do! You can kiss her fingers! You're always raving about them! You guys are driving me mad here! GO ON! KISS HER!

He looks at me, and I realise he knows what I'm thinking. I give him an exasperated glance. Oh RON!

Oh well, I guess they'll never get down to it. She's looking at him... he's looking at her fingers. Maybe it will stay that way for ever. They'll always be in this state, of looking and wishing and not-really-daring.

Talk about not knowing what you really want.

A/N : Sorry! ::beating herself on the head:: I am so sorry for writing this. I hate myself now!!!

End
file.